

t'ings youse got from de spacers' molla, an' from de dips demselves w'en youse was lendin' dem a hand; dey say dere ain't many youse couldn't send up de river just by liftin' yer finger, but dat youse're straight, an' dat youse've kept yer map closed, an' dat youse're safe."

Rhoda Gray's dark eyes softened, as she leaned forward and laid a hand gently over the one of Gypsy Nan that held the revolver.

"It couldn't be any other way, could it, Nan?" she said simply.

"Wot yer after?" demanded Gypsy Nan, with sudden mockery. "De gun? Well, take it!" She let go her hold of the weapon. "But don't kid yerself da' youse're kiddin' me into givin' it to youse because youse have got a pretty smile an' a sweet voice! Savvy? I"—she choked suddenly, and caught at her throat—"I guess youse're de only chance I got—dat's all."

"That's better," said Rhoda Gray encouragingly. "And now you'll let me go and get a doctor, wcn't you, Nan?"

"Wait!" said Gypsy Nan hoarsely. "Youse're de only chance I got. Will youse swear youse won't t'row me down if I tells youse somet'ing? I ain't got no other way. Will youse swear youse'll see me through?"

"Of course, Nan," said Rhoda Gray soothingly. "Of course, I will, Nan. I promise."

Gypsy Nan came up on her elbow.

"Dat ain't good enough!" she cried out. "A promise ain't good enough! For Gawd's sake, come across all de way! Swear youse'll keep mum an' see me through!"

"Yes, Nan"—Rhoda Gray's eyes smiled reassur-